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UNDER THE BLACK AND YELLOW.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WE were posting up Italy, after a winter spent at Rome. Summer had set in somewhat earlier than usual, and the weather was sultry in all but the mountain districts; indeed, the heat had already driven away most of the English sojourners in the land, and it was owing to a whim of my pupil's that we had lingered to the last. Robert Hawthorne was in every sense a fine young fellow—generous, brave, and frank; but he was terribly impulsive and headstrong, and I, Philip Simpson, M.A., had no trifling responsibility in filling the office of his travelling-tutor.

Old Mr Hawthorne had enjoined me not to draw the curb too tight, to humour the young man instead of thwarting him, and to gain his goodwill if I could—remarking, with perfect truth, that his grandson was 'more easy to lead than to drive.' There was money enough and to spare, for Robert was sole heir and favourite with the old squire, who was rich, so that my pupil's allowance was, if anything, rather too liberal, while my own salary was higher than I had a right to expect. Still, a travelling-tutor's life is not always to be envied. With Robert Hawthorne, to be sure, I was exempt from the vexations to which many in the same position are exposed. My charge was uniformly kind and courteous, which, as I had opportunities of seeing, some of the wilder youths in Rome that winter were not in the habit of being with reference to their 'bear-leaders.' But I carried about a load of care of which my pupil knew nothing. Robert had good abilities and a noble disposition, but there was a dash of recklessness in his nature; he was hardly to be restrained from following any idle fancy that might cross his mind; and he was hasty in his likes and dislikes, his hatred and his love.

With such a character as his, everything depended on his falling into good hands, and passing the plastic time of youth among associations likely to develop the native worth of his heart; while there was no small risk that he would go utterly astray,

if his company were evil. And I had some doubts as to whether I, Philip Simpson, were fit for my post. My own knowledge of the world was perforce of a restricted kind. An 'exhibitioner' at school, and the winner of a small scholarship at Oxford, I had left the university with a head well stored with Latin and Greek, but with a very limited experience of the ways of the broad outer life that lay beyond college walls. A few months spent in the quiet country parish, where I read for orders, a few more months as temporary curate of a suburban district, and the better part of a year devoted to the tuition and guardianship of Robert Hawthorne, made up my uneventful history.

I do not think I should have accepted the difficult duty I had undertaken, in spite of the emoluments attached to it, but for dear Jane's sake. Jane was the younger daughter of the old clergyman—as poor a vicar as any in Wiltshire—with whom I had read, and in whose parish I had earned my 'title' by doing a curate's work without pay, and we two were engaged to be married. But when? A benefice was a necessary preliminary to the union of two penniless young persons like ourselves, and when Mr Hawthorne offered me the post of tutor to the heir of Hawthorne Hall, it had been by the advice of Jane's father that I had accepted the office. The old squire, as the vicar shrewdly remarked, was patron of three livings, and it must be my own fault if I did not some day come in for the reversion of one of them. Thus it fell out that Robert and I were rattling along the dusty Italian roads in the second week in June. We travelled in a carriage which Robert had purchased for about twenty-eight pounds, the autumn before, in Turin—a clattering, jingling thing, but of great powers of endurance. In it we had travelled up and down the peninsula, from Piedmont to Naples, and it had stood the bumps and shocks of many a rugged mountain-road among the Apennines. Young Hawthorne had an abhorrence of *vetturini* and their customs, and could not endure to 'sell himself,' as he said—bargaining beforehand for transport, food, and lodging, as

more economical voyagers were apt to do. He could not endure to be tied down to a certain route, fixed hours of departure, and certain halting-places, and was averse to any arrangement which curtailed his freedom of action; and so we travelled post, in spite of my remonstrances on the score of expense. One compromise we had, we retained no courier in our employ, and the duty of paying postilions and ordering relays fell to my share for the most part. Very fortunately, as it afterwards turned out, I had a natural talent for the acquirement of foreign tongues, and during the winter spent at Rome, I had not been too proud to take regular lessons in French and Italian, in both of which languages I was now able to converse with tolerable fluency.

'Ah, brigand, swindler, thief on four legs, presto, get along with you, avanti, unsainted brutes, horses of the Evil One, whoop, scherzo, push along!' yelled the wild mountain-born drivers, as soon as we were clear of the embattled gate of Modena, where the white-coated Austrian soldiery clustered as thick as bees, and where we had been detained on all manner of trivial pretexts, connected with our passports, for nearly two hours. And with a mighty cracking of whips, and rocking and swaying of the carriage, we went at furious speed along the broad road, raising clouds of hot white dust, and scattering the lazy herds of slowly-marching buffaloes to the left and right. This disorderly haste, as if by a mad rush we could hope to catch up the time which the vexatious police had caused us to fritter away at the gate, set me speculating on the probable result to springs and axles; but Robert laughed and enjoyed it highly, animating the postilions by a British view-halloo as we flew along. We were jolted and jerked hither and thither for a few minutes, and then the random gallop relaxed into a moderate trot, and I drew my breath more freely.

It was fearfully hot; and as we got further and further from the steep Modena mountains, and deeper into the flat Lombard plains, the little breeze there was died away, and left us gasping in the still dead air, laden with dust, through which the afternoon sun glowed red and dim over the irrigated lands. No more welcome shade from the leafy chestnut-trees, but endless flats of maize and rice, wheat, and pollard vines, the bull-frogs croaking a hoarse answer to the shrill cicadas, on the low trees and shrubs beside the canals; black vicious-eyed buffaloes toiling at the water-wheels, and the straight endless Æmilian Road running towards the north.

At the distance of a single stage from Parma, some little delay occurred. The horses—Robert would travel with four horses, though the carriage was light, and the luggage not over-heavy—were put to; the postilions, who had put on their gayest jackets, heavy with red worsted tags and fringe, in honour of the English milords, were in the saddle; and we had been bowed out of the yard by the obsequious postmaster, when some part of the harness gave way, and with many imprecations, the younger postboy dismounted to rectify the mishap.

Just then, with ringing of bells and heavy whip-cracking, a carriage thundered up, and we heard the call for fresh horses answered by a declaration that none were to be had. The deputy-postmaster was polite, but could do nothing; while the new arrival—an Italian gentleman with white hair, and

an intelligent face—vainly remonstrated. It was of great consequence to him, he said, to reach Milan without delay. The postmaster shrugged his shoulders: 'A thousand excuses, signor; it is impossible. All the teams are out. The illustrious Inglesi yonder have got the last; I could not give so much as a single hoof more to any traveller, were the Holy Father himself to need such accommodation.'

The old man-servant who accompanied the new-comer—who, by the way, had arrived in a hired *post-calessa*, and not in a carriage of his own—now lifted up his hands and eyes, taking all the saints to witness that Borgo di Volto was a den of thieves, and his master and himself the most luckless of men. 'But ah! noble sir, was it not your own fault?' he exclaimed in tones of affectionate reproach, curious to my English ears. 'Would you not depart on Friday, and the thirteenth of the month? and did not the Cavaliere Luigi Bianchi, the most famous *jettatore* in Naples, wish you a good journey as we drove away from the city? Be sure that man has cast the evil eye upon—'

'Pshaw! such follies are only fit for children,' the master answered reprovingly. 'The essential is, that I am detained from my poor friend's bedside, while death is hovering over him. Go and see if you can hire horses, mules, anything, to reach Parma before sunset.'

By this time our harness was mended, and our postilions were cracking their long-lashed whips, but Robert's voice called to them to stop so abruptly that the horses were flung upon their haunches.

'Stop, stop! Here you, Beppo, Toni, what's your name? Open the door—so; I'll give him a lift.'

And approaching the stranger, my pupil lifted his hat, declaring that it would give him infinite pleasure if he could be useful in any way; adding, that there was plenty of room inside our carriage, and that we were bound for Milan. After many compliments had passed, chiefly paid by the Italian, for Robert's command of the language was far from great, the stranger accepted the offer. His light luggage was strapped on the roof, his old servant mounted the box, and he took his place inside, after which we started. We found our new acquaintance agreeable enough, a well-read, sensible gentleman, who spoke of England and British liberties with warm sympathy and respect. He was a landed proprietor from Lombardy, had lately been in Naples, on a visit to some relatives belonging to the southern branch of the family, and was now hurrying up to Milan to the bedside of a dying friend. He kept us company as far as Milan itself, and there we parted with expressions of mutual regard.

'I do not know, gentlemen, whether we shall ever meet again, however much I may wish to renew an intimacy so flattering and agreeable to myself,' were the old gentleman's last words; 'but should you visit Brescia, any one will shew you where I reside—a league off it; and it would be indeed gratifying to me to receive such guests under my roof, while I would try to make the Italian *villaggiatura* bearable to you, and my children would most gladly welcome you.'

He then begged us to 'conserve his card,' paid his parting salutations, and followed Giacomo and the baggage out of the gateway of the huge *Ville de Milan Hôtel*, where the above conversation had occurred.

We never thought to see him again, and yet we felt sure that the invitation was no empty compliment, but was honestly meant to be accepted; and had we intended to explore that part of the province, we should have been glad of the chance of seeing, what so few Englishmen ever see, the domestic life of a well-to-do Italian family.

On the card was the name of the Marchese G. dei Frescobaldi. 'So, the old gentleman is a marquis, is he?' said Robert laughing. 'Wonderful thick volumes the Italian peerages must be, if civilisation has gone so far in these regions as to produce a Debrett. However, he's a good old boy, and we'll drink his health after dinner, Mr Simpson.'

So we did, and forgot him. The next fortnight was spent on the borders of the Lake of Como, sketching crags and lateen-rigged boats, lemon groves, and brown-complexioned fishermen in red caps and chocolate-coloured jackets. When I speak of sketching as an employment, I allude only to Robert's occupation. I was no draughtsman, whereas my pupil had no slight talents as an artist, coupled with a violent but desultory passion for beauty of form and tint. At Rome, he had formed numerous acquaintances in the art-colony of bearded and long-haired students, and was constantly to be found in galleries and studios, surrounded by the oddest and simplest of the unshorn enthusiasts, English and German, that the place contained, raving about colours and curves, statues and paintings, in a way that I confess myself unable to understand. He was always in raptures about something: here a bit of Roman ruin, there a triptich of the thirteenth century; elsewhere a rugged pinnacle of black basalt or splintered rock, specked by wild-flowers, and festooned with clinging vine-leaves.

Thus we made constant expeditions about Como and its environs, until Robert was tempted by the glowing description which a wandering tourist gave him of the Lake of Garda, whither we went next; and, on a bright hot July day, found ourselves in the town of Brescia.

'Is that all you have to shew us? No better paintings than those?' asked my pupil of the droning ciccone, who had piloted our course from church to church, and from convent to town-hall, making the most of the few lions of Brescia.

'*Scusi cara*, replied the man with a shrug, and a deprecatory bow; 'we are poor. We have often been robbed. Brescia has been frequently pillaged by the savage Germans and greedy Switzers. Our pictures have suffered like our city.'

'Then there is really nothing more worth seeing?' asked Robert as he dropped a scudo into the man's ready hand.

'Ah, yes, there was,' the ciccone said, bowing low in acknowledgment of his fee; 'there were some beautiful grand old pictures at a villa half an hour's drive from the north gate of the *citta*; pictures that any dealer would cover with gold, could he purchase them—ah, and bless his kind saints that had given him such a bargain! Pictures indeed! Pictures by Titian, by Michael Angelo, by Raphael, by Virgil. What do I know!' Here the guide crossed himself at the name of the Mantuan enchanter. 'Only the *illustrissimo* to whom they belong does not like to admit strangers to his mansion.'

'He must be a rich man to keep so much capital locked up in the form of painted canvas, if the

paintings be as valuable as you lead us to suppose,' said I inquiringly.

Another shrug and bow.

'Noble excellencies! we poor Italians love our art. It is all we have left. We prize that little. The proprietor of the pictures of which I have permitted myself to speak, is not wealthy; but he values these paintings, which have been in his family for centuries, more than lands and money. By Bacchus! they say the rich Cardinal Furiabuoni offered immense sums for one of the worst of the Titians, to the present Frescobaldi.'

'Frescobaldi! not the Marchese Giulio dei Frescobaldi?' cried we with one accord. And the ciccone assured us that the precious pictures were in very truth the property of our late travelling-companion. Thus it fell out that we, who had completely forgotten the marchese and his invitation, found ourselves, before another sun had set, absolutely domesticated beneath the old Italian gentleman's hospitable roof. On our presenting ourselves at the villa, the former invitation was so heartily renewed that we could not easily have rejected it, even had Robert been less desirous to see and copy the treasured paintings, which proved fairly worthy of the high-loung praise which the ciccone had bestowed upon them.

The villa was a large building, of a dull pink colour, as to the outside, painted over with gaudy frescoes, which were sorely dimmed by time. It had a flat roof, with a heavy marble balustrade, and on a terrace before it stood a triple row of costly marble statues, mingled with rose-trees and other flowering shrubs. A battlemented wall of gray stone, broken and weed-grown, surrounded the stables, the offices, and a large court-yard; and there was a great garden, now tangled and overgrown, orange-trees, flowers, and weeds, canes and pot-herbs, confusedly mingled. Most of the fountains were mossy and broken, and had ceased to play; but one little humble *jet d'eau* sent up its silvery shoot of water into the summer air from the midst of an actual thicket of rose-trees run wild. Everything told of decay.

Within, there were many signs of ancient splendour, but few of present comfort. Many stately rooms, the dim gilding of whose cornices gave proof of bygone luxury, were unfurnished, and only strewn with dusty heaps of lumber, about which spiders spun their broad webs in perfect security.

Still, there was no lack of more habitable chambers. The few servants of the impoverished family waited on us with an intelligent kindness that was new to our experience, and the welcome we met with would have made up for worse quarters. The family consisted of the old marchese, his two sons, and his daughter. The marchese was a widower, and it happened that when we became his guests, his sons were absent on a short visit to Milan. A beautiful dark-eyed girl, with an unusually thoughtful face, and a mind better stored than is common among Italian ladies, was Assunta Frescobaldi. It once or twice occurred to me that perhaps I had acted unwisely in exposing my pupil to the risk of a hopeless attachment in that quarter. I knew Mr Hawthorne's prejudices too well not to feel assured that he would never consent to acknowledge a foreigner—no matter how good or fair—as his grandson's wife, and the future mistress of Hawthorne Hall, and I began to fear that I had been imprudent in accepting the marchese's invitation.

To my great joy, however, Robert did not appear to be as much fascinated by Assunta's beauty as I had expected. Perhaps his mania for art, for it was a mania, preserved him fancy free, and the hours he spent in the well-stocked picture-gallery, now copying, now gazing with an admiration which never wearied on the gems treasured there, prevented the contingency I dreaded. I began to feel quite at ease, and to enjoy the novelty of everything around me.

It must not be supposed that I was a mere drone, negligent of my duties as Robert's tutor. On the contrary, I made a point of keeping my charge to a certain routine of daily study, and honestly did my best to prepare him for what, in his case, was to be a late entry at the university. But I had hard work with him. He had wonderful quickness in learning, and would sometimes get through the allotted task with breathless rapidity, leaving me lost in wonder at the species of intellectual jugglery by which he had attained a result so apparently satisfactory. At another time, I could not get him to open a book. All my persuasions failed, and even the threat of writing to his grandfather fell perfectly flat. He would laugh good-humouredly—his temper, like his health, being excellent—and merely tell me that I was quite in the right, but that he was in an idle mood for the time being, or more disposed to paint or lounge, than delve among Greek roots, and that 'the governor' knew but too well already what a graceless scamp his grandson was. On the fourth day, the two sons, Antonio and Luigi, one bearing the title of count, the other and younger being styled the Cavaliere dei Frescobaldi, came home. They were both fine specimens of the Lombard stock, but of different types. Antonio, tall, dark, and slender, with a pale forehead and a slight stoop, was a thorough scholar; while Luigi, who had the auburn hair and blue eyes occasionally seen in old Italian portraits, had all the fire and frankness of the soldier. He had, indeed, served with distinction the year before in the Piedmontese army, and had only resigned his sword when his regiment was disbanded, after the fatal battle of Novara.

A great intimacy now arose between these young men and my pupil, since there was much on both sides that was brilliant and attractive, and it was not often that the dull country-house had so gay and dashing a guest beneath its roof as Robert Hawthorne, who had very winning manners, and who delighted the impulsive Italians by the deep and sincere love for art which he possessed in common with themselves. One more bond of union, stronger yet, there was, and that was Robert's sympathy—natural to an English free-man—with suffering Italy.

Our entertainers were, heart and soul, members of the great liberal party, if partly be a fit name to bestow on the immense majority of a nation pining for national life. The old marchese was well known as one of those Lombard nobles whose dogged patriotism had proved too much alike for priestly persuasion or imperial cajolery, while the sons had done good service, in the field and the study, with sword and pen, for the sacred cause of their chained and bleeding fatherland.

Speaking now, after the event, and looking back upon the past with a light which nothing but experience can give, I own that I was wrong to feel the security which I did as to the probable results of my pupil's intimacy with the family whose

guests we were. But as it was, once convinced that Robert was not likely to fall in love with Assunta Frescobaldi, I felt no apprehensions as to any other contingency. I was soon to be undeceived.

One night found me restless and feverish, and unable to rest. Everything vexed my ear—the distant barking of a village cur; the plash of the fountain among the roses beneath my window; the sullen croak of the bull-frogs in the marsh, audible to a great distance through the hushed air; even the menacing hum of the mosquito, that hovered around my close-drawn curtains of transparent web: all these things chafed me in my present mood. I read for a while, then extinguished my candle and tried to sleep, but was at last compelled to give up all hopes of repose. So I went to the window, opened it, and stood looking out over the garden, dim in the pale starlight.

What was that? a step? Yes, the distinct tread of a human foot, not walking freely, but with cautious action; and presently appeared a figure muffled in a cloak, and with a broad hat, such as the peasants wore, slouched over the eyes. Still, I felt convinced that the intruder was no peasant; his tread and gait were those of a proud man compelled to put an unwelcome restraint upon himself. He halted under the boughs of an orange-tree, where the gold green fruit hung in thick clusters over his head, and gave a short shrill whistle, which was speedily answered. Then two other men, also in dark mantles and slouched hats, appeared, moving from the house towards the first-comer, and the three met and talked earnestly, and with much of the gesticulation inseparable from an Italian conversation, but in guarded tones. I had no wish to play the eavesdropper, and I quitted the window. When I returned to it, the colloquy was over, and the party breaking up. The man I had first seen vanished among the fruit-trees, the others turned towards the house. In the dusk, one of them stumbled over the root of a tree, and uttered an impatient exclamation, by which I recognised Luigi, the cavalieri, the younger of the two brothers. The next moment, both had disappeared. Five minutes afterwards, a low rustling sound caught my ear. I looked, and lo! from a thicket of fragrant shrubs was warily protruded a human head, the eyes belonging to which took a heedful survey of the garden. Satisfied that the coast was clear, the concealed person came stealthily crawling out, and with frequent pauses. He stood for a moment on the lawn, and I had time to see that he was a short, bull-necked man, with very wide shoulders and bowed legs, who forcibly reminded me of a certain Giuseppe, one of the house-servants. He was silent and watchful for a moment, then gave a chuckle of ignoble joy, and rubbed his large hands together.

'Per Ercole, a good night's work.'

That was all he said, and he vanished as soon as the words were spoken; but for some instants the snapping of dry twigs told of the course he was pursuing.

'Well,' said I, as I returned to my bed, 'this is a queer imbrogio of an affair. If Messrs Antonio and Luigi choose to have mysterious midnight interviews with strangers, that is no business of mine; but if that fellow were really Giuseppe, he was evidently playing the spy on their proceedings, and by his tone and manner, I suspect, meant no good. I'll give the young men a hint in the

morning; and if any conspiracies are afloat, our visit had better come to a close.'

I fell asleep soon after this. When morning came, it happened that I could find no chance of speaking to the young men upon the subject of my nocturnal observations. I had no wish to spread alarms which might prove unfounded, and I waited, but waited in vain, for an opportunity of hinting to Antonio or his soldier-brother, that their conversation had been overheard by unfriendly ears.

After all, my information did not seem important enough to merit the name of a warning, and, for anything I knew, the conference might have referred to matters of no dangerous import. I yielded, therefore, to the force of circumstances, and resolved to put off my revelations until I should return from my wonted 'constitutional.' To that constitutional, my constant habit since the days when, as a raw freshman, I rambled about the outskirts of Oxford, I clung with true British pertinacity. In vain did the marchese talk of sunstroke and fever; in vain did Luigi laughingly quote the Neapolitan proverb which declares that nobody goes out in the noonday heat save mad dog and Englishman. I was not to be cheated out of my stroll. Accordingly I took my umbrella as a precaution against sun, not rain, and went forth at the usual hour. When I came back, from the brow of a little eminence where the myrtle-bushes and wild figs formed a thicket whose shade was grateful on so sultry a day, my eyes suddenly caught the gleam of steel—an unaccustomed sight among those peaceful vineyards and orange-groves. I looked again. Yes! along the high-road, half a mile away, slowly moved, through a cloud of dust, the glancing points of many bayonets. As yet a stone-wall hid the soldiers, but they soon emerged, a small column of the white-uniformed Austrians, escorting two carts, on which were bound several dark-clad figures, that I easily guessed to be those of prisoners—some poor Italians, no doubt, in trouble for smuggling or desertion. I went on, but some impulse often made me turn my head to watch the glitter of arms and the hot haze of dust, wending slowly but surely along towards the town of Brescia.

I pushed open the garden-gate, and wound my way under the arched boughs of the loaded orange-trees. The sunbeams fell through the interlaced branches in broken fragments, and gave a richer glow to the ripening globes overhead. I could have fancied myself Aladdin in the magic garden, among the jewelled fruit. My feet made little or no sound upon the matted weeds that carpeted the path.

'What is that?—A soldier here?'

A soldier it was—an Austrian sentinel. I saw his white coat and shouldered musket through the green leaves, as he paced to and fro before the door, humming some scrap of a wild Croatian air as his regular tread sounded on the marble. I came to a dead stop directly. The presence of such a porter at my host's door boded no good to those within. True, I had transgressed no law, was in no way amenable to punishment for any political offence, and yet I hesitated to advance. In a despotic country, men soon learn to look with mistrust upon the tools of power.

What had occurred? In vain I tried to quiet my nerves. I felt that misfortune had fallen upon the house where we had been so cordially welcome.

As I stood motionless, I felt a light touch on my arm. Assunta was beside me, pale, her beautiful face stained with tears, but with courage and resolution in her bright eyes. She glided up to me like a ghost, and I winced when she touched me. 'Come,' she whispered—'come; we cannot safely speak so near that sentinel. In the grotto, we shall be beyond earshot.' Almost mechanically, I obeyed. There was an air of unreality—to an English mind, at least—about the whole affair; but for the moment I was content to be passive, and I followed my fair guide, vainly puzzling my brains as to the enigma that her words implied.

GRAPHS, GLYPHS, AND TYPOS.

On a recent occasion, the members of the Society of Arts witnessed a curious and interesting process—the engraving of a picture during the reading of a paper on the subject. At half-past eight, a prepared block was ready, with a picture drawn on a smooth flat surface; and at nine o'clock, the same picture was in an engraved state, the surface of the block scooped away between the lines forming the design. It was pretty, it was clever; and men were at once set thinking whether it was likely to be artistically tasteful and commercially useful.

There is, in truth, an immense activity just now in devising new modes of producing prints, either to hang up in frames as decorations to rooms, or to insert among the text as illustrations for books—irrespective of the numerous productions in the forms of maps, charts, plans, sections, elevations, diagrams, patterns, devices, monograms, and so forth. In the old days, there were only a few modes of producing prints, still practised more or less. The copper-plate engraver, to take one example, scrapes and cuts away the surface of a smooth plate, in such a way that the lines which he cuts shall represent the picture; the printer inks the depressed lines, wipes away the ink from the surface or uncut portions, and takes impressions on paper by means of a press. The steel-plate engraver proceeds in like manner, except in using a harder material that will yield a greater number of impressions. The aquatint engraver, whose work is a kind of imitation of india-ink drawings, applies a resinous ground to a copper-plate, and traces his picture with a blunt point, making it form all the lines in succession; he also 'stops out' or draws certain parts of the picture with a paint or varnish; then dilute nitric acid, poured on the plate, eats away the surface of the metal in all parts which are not protected by the blunt-point markings or by the varnish. The mezzotint engraver, by means of a sort of toothed chisel, gashes a copper-plate all over with very minute and close holes; then draws his design on it, and scrapes away or burnishes down those parts of the plate which are to form the lights of his picture, the blacks being represented by the unscraped portions, and the half-tints by a partial scraping and burnishing. The etcher applies acid to a resinous or wax ground on a copper-plate, like the aquatinter; but an etching-needle is used instead of a blunt point to draw the picture, and the artistic details of the process differ in many ways. The wood-engraver, having before him a smooth block of boxwood, on which a picture has been drawn with pencil, cuts away the wood between the pencil-strokes; then, when the pencilled lines are inked (without the ink being allowed to

go into the cavities or chiselings), impressions can be taken from them. The lithographer draws his picture with a kind of soapy pencil or paint upon a smooth stone, fixes the lines by the chemical action of dilute acid, damps the stone all over, and prints from it by a press—the oily ink being unable to touch or remain upon those parts of the damp stone which are not occupied by the design.

Now, those insatiable men, the publishers, will not be satisfied with these several modes of producing prints; they want something more. The productions of the copper or steel plate engraver, the etcher, the aquatinter, the mezzotinter, and the lithographer, cannot be printed from at the ordinary press, whether hand or machine. Those of the wood-engraver can; and it is on this account that wood-engravings are so largely employed as book illustrations: seeing that a wood-block can be combined with type in the same page, and printed from in just the same way. There can also be stereotypes and electrotypes of wood-engravings taken with as much facility as those from metal types; inasmuch that none but an artist, or a person somewhat accustomed to such matters, can tell whether an impression is printed from a wood-block or from a stereotype or electrotype cast of the block. The book-printers and publishers all call out for surface-printing, where the ink touches the surface portions, and avoids the hollows; in no other way is it possible to print a large number of copies in a short space of time or at a small expense. Hence it is that most of the new competitors for public favour in these ways are methods of surface-printing.

Oh, the *graphs* and *glyphs*, the *glyptos* and *typos*, the *stereos* and *electros*, the *lithos* and *photos*—who can count them all! There is *Electrotype*, a cast from a wood-engraving, or rather from a mould of the wood-engraving. There is *Electrotint*, produced by painting and galvanising without either etching or engraving. There is *Chromo-lithography*, by several impressions in coloured inks from an equal number of lithographic stones. There is *Oil-colour printing*, diversified in many curious ways. There is *Lithotint*, in which the drawing is made on the stone with a brush dipped in liquid ink instead of with pen or pencil. There is *Litho-topography*, a mode of taking an impression from type upon a stone, and then filling up the design by the ordinary lithographic method. There is (or at least was, for we hope that such a terrible name is dead, and gone, and buried) *Panæiconography*, a mode of combining the effects of many different kinds of engraving with facilities for the all-important surface-printing. There is *Stylography*, a way of obtaining electrotypes from a peculiar kind of etched plate. There is *Anastatic Printing*, which so frightened people a few years ago, as seeming to afford dangerous facilities for forgery, piracy, and all kinds of sin and wickedness. A piece of printed paper is moistened with dilute acid, and pressed on a plate of zinc; the printed part 'sets off,' as printers call it, on the zinc, while the acid eats into the zinc at the other parts; and there is thus formed an irregular surface, which can be printed from by the ordinary press, producing rather a close fac-simile of the original. There is *Photography*, concerning which everybody knows something; and arising out of this are the members of a very large family, rejoicing in the names of *Talbotype*, *Hillotype*, *Heliography*, *Calotype*, *Chrysotype*, *Chromatype*, *Amphitype*, *Cyanotype*, *Ferrottype*,

and others, likely to be known only to photographers. There is *Galvanoplastic*, in which a gutta-percha mould is obtained from any engraved surface, and an electrotype made from the mould. There is *Galvanography*, in which an artist paints a design on a plate of silvered copper, obtains an electrotype from it, and prints from this electrotype. There is *Galvanoglyphy*, in which the picture is etched on the varnished surface of a zinc-plate; a peculiar ink is applied in several layers, which adheres to all parts except the etched lines; and an electrotype is taken from the irregular surface thus produced. There is *Chemotype*, in which a design, etched on a varnished zinc-plate, is eaten in with aquafortis, and a plate for printing obtained by a peculiar method of applying a layer of molten fusible metal. There is the *Natureselfdruck*, or 'Nature's Own Printing,' in which a plant, weed, fern, or any small flat natural object is rolled heavily between a copper-plate and a lead-plate; the fibres and projecting lines of the object make impressions on the lead-plate sufficiently deep to print from. There is *Autotypography*, in which the design, drawn on a sheet of gelatine, is transferred by pressure to a soft metal-plate, somewhat in the same manner as nature-printing. There is *Electro-block printing*, in which impressions are obtained from a wood-block on thin sheets of india-rubber; by the give-and-take qualities of this very elastic substance, the print can be made either larger or smaller than the original, and the device is transferred from it to stone or zinc by pressure.

The man who would learn all about these multitudinous graphs, and glyphs, and typos, would have to go through a history of failures, or rather of a lottery in which the prizes have been very few compared with the blanks. Much brain and much money have been spent in these novelties; and yet the publishers of books and illustrated periodicals hold back from adopting them, except to a very limited extent indeed. Twenty years ago, there were bright hopes entertained of Mr Palmer's *Glyphography*. One particular number of the *Mirror*, a weekly periodical which did its good work at a time when such publications were scarce, contained a full account of the process, illustrated by eight sketches engraved in the manner to which the above Greek name was applied. In the first place, a plate of copper was prepared, such as is usually employed by a copper-plate engraver. One surface of this was stained black. On the stained plate was applied a thin smooth uniform layer of white composition, very similar in appearance and consistency to wax. This was the prepared ground, on which the artist was to work. He traced his design on the white surface to any degree of minuteness that he thought necessary; and then proceeded to etch or engrave. He selected his cutting-tool—a mere needle-point, an etching-needle, a minute chisel or gouge, a bevelled edge at an angle of forty-five degrees, a pentagonal point—any or all of these, as seemed best. With these small instruments, he cut through the white composition in the lines of the device, until the metal was laid bare: the blackened surface of the metal presenting a contrast that guided the eye. There was thus produced an engraved plate or block, with the lines of the design in *intaglio*, and the interspaces in *rilievo*, the former showing on the blackened metal, and the latter on the white composition. It would not have sufficed to obtain an electrotype or

a stereotype from the plate in this state, because the relief was not high enough; but Mr Palmer had a method of heightening or increasing the relief, by employing some chemical liquid which had a peculiar relation to the white composition. The plate thus heightened served as a matrix for an electrotype, which, of course, had all the projections and depressions reversed; and this electrotype was in the proper form for printing, with or without type, at the ordinary press or machine. The results were pretty, and we do not know why the method did not work out the revolution which the inventor fondly hoped.

It remains to be seen whether the new *Graphotype* will be commercially more successful than the *glyphograph* and other members of this ingenious but somewhat unfortunate family. Wood-cuts are still the pictorial pabulum of the illustrated newspapers and periodicals, and of nineteen-twentieths—perhaps ninety-nine hundredths—of the illustrated books. The printing may be done from the block itself, or from a stereotype or an electrotype obtained from it; but in either case, the block is fairly and honestly engraved by a wood-engraver, cleverly or clumsily, as the case may be; he cuts away with sharp tools the wood between the lines which the artist has drawn on the boxwood surface. Now, it is to do away with this cutting or engraving process, more or less completely, that the *graphotype* has been devised. The process is unquestionably a remarkable and ingenious one. It really staggers an observer to see a small hard dry brush used as a substitute for the delicate cutting-tools of the wood-engraver. The brusher need not be an engraver; and he does his work in a very much shorter time than the wood-engraver requires for cutting his block. If he does not brush away all the poetry of the artistic draughtsman, so much the better for the process.

How it all came about is this: Mr De Witt Clinton Hitchcock, a draughtsman and wood-engraver, while making a drawing on boxwood, found it necessary to alter a portion of his design by erasing it, and re-whitening the exposed surface of the wood. The white for this purpose was obtained from an enamelled visiting-card, by means of a wet brush. The card had been printed from an engraved copper-plate; and after the enamel had been removed, it was observed that the ink lines remained just as distinct as before; they had not been disturbed, and now stood up in bold relief. The appearance of the card suggested a new mode of producing a relief printing-plate, by simply brushing away the portions of surface between the lines of the design. Mr Hitchcock proceeded to test this notion by experiment. First of all, he obtained that very homely and school-boy commodity, a 'lump of chalk,' and cut from it, by means of a saw, a block or slab about an inch thick. When this had been brought to a smooth surface by scraping, he drew a design upon it with a quill pen dipped in an ink formed of liquid glass (silicate of potash), coloured with indigo. Then he took a tooth-brush, and rubbed down a little of the chalk in all the minute white spaces between the lines of the device; these lines, being hardened into a sort of marble by the chemical action of the silicate, remained unaffected by the brushing. The experimenter was delighted to find that he had really got a picture in relief. But then, how to print from such a block? Chalk being too soft to bear the pressure of the usual kinds of printing apparatus,

Mr Hitchcock saturated the whole block with liquid glass, and in half an hour it was hard enough to yield impressions on paper by the process known to printers as burnishing. We are told that this, the veritable first experiment in the matter, was all completed in four hours, including the seven processes of sawing the chalk, surfacing it, making the ink, drawing the design, brushing it into relief, petrifying the block, and taking an impression on paper. This first attempt having turned out well, the inventor sought for a substance finer and more uniform in quality of grain than common chalk. He procured French-white (used by unwise ladies as a cosmetic), pulverised and finely sifted it, and formed it into blocks about a foot square by an inch in thickness, by means of a powerful hydraulic press. The texture of these blocks was found to be beautifully equable and regular. They were hardened and condensed by exposure to a heat of 700° F., which expelled all the moisture. When a drawing had been made upon such a block with the liquid glass, the interstices were brushed away to a depth sufficient for all ordinary printing; and upon being afterwards petrified by saturation, it yielded several impressions by the ordinary hand printing-press. So far the second experiment turned out well. Then came the third question—how to render the block hard enough to bear the printing-machine, and to yield the thousands or tens of thousands of impressions which could alone make the venture a commercially profitable one? This, Mr Hitchcock decided, could not be done with the block itself, but might be done from an electrotype or a stereotype obtained from it. After many trials, he arrived at the conclusion that stereotype would be rather the better of the two, as enabling the artist to put in a few finishing-touches here and there. All this, however, took many months of labour and invention, and involved many discouragements.

Such were the birth, parentage, and education of the new art of *graphotype*, or printing from a drawing. Of the respective parts which Mr Hitchcock and Mr Fitzcock have taken in the matter, of the patent and specification, of the trade arrangements and so forth, we need not here speak. In fact, many brains have aided: Mr Day has improved the silica-ink, to prevent it from spreading; and Mr Roper has improved some of the working details. In the form ultimately adopted, the finely-pounded French-chalk is sifted upon a well-prepared zinc-plate of the size of the intended picture. When sufficient in quantity, the white is covered by a highly-polished steel-plate, and compressed, by the enormous force of a hundred and twenty tons, into a thin layer upon the zinc, the thickness of the two together being about equal to that of an ordinary stereotype-plate. The surface is made smooth and glossy by the pressure of the steel-plate, and is sized before the drawing is made. The ink is a varnish of glue and lamp-black, and is applied with a fine camel or sable-hair pencil. As this ink dries almost instantly, the brushing may begin at once; the wider and deeper interstices being brushed out with a small fitch-hair brush, and the finer with a piece of silk velvet, padded as a flat cushion, and attached to a disk of wood as a handle. The same liquid glass is used for petrifying the block, or converting it into a kind of marble, as was tried in the earlier experiments.

It was certainly curious to see, at the Society of

Arts, a block engraved by such means. A picture was finished in the room, on a prepared block; it was brushed into the state of an engraved block in less than half an hour, with all the minute details of the design beautifully brought out. The stereotyping from this block, and the printing from the stereotypes, were after-processes. The saving of time is in *making the engraving*, which occupies only about as many minutes as a wood-engraver would require hours; and the saving of cost, said to be fifty per cent. is in the less amount of artistic labour called for, and (it is intended) in the employment of female labour in some of the processes. Whether the graphotype can ever equal the delicacy of high-class wood-engravings? whether the new art may not save the skilful engraver from some of the drudgery of common work, by leaving him to apply his artistic powers to work of a higher kind? whether the process will be applicable to as many different kinds or styles of drawing as the wood-block method? whether any new style will be found applicable, that will give it an artistic advantage over wood? whether the rapidity of the operations will adapt the art to a *daily* illustrated newspaper?—are questions on which something decisive will be very soon known.

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XI.—UP EARLY.

It has been justly observed that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. The statement is a very safe one, and might have been made a great deal more comprehensive by the philosopher who uttered it without risking his reputation for sagacity. We do not know how our next-door neighbour lives, except in the sense of what he has for dinner, which may indeed be discovered by the curious; nay, we often know not how our own household lives, how our very sons conduct themselves when not at meal-times and under our very eyes, what pursuits they really follow, what hopes, what fears, what ambitions they in secret entertain. It is well, indeed, and should be a matter of congratulation, if we are quite cognizant of the 'goings on' of our wives and daughters. It is strange to think what a world in little lies under the roof of any great mansion, such as Mirk Abbey. How interesting would the genuine individual biographies—if one could only get at them—of such a household be, from that of the mistress of the establishment (whose troubles we are endeavouring to portray) down to that of the under kitchen-maid, concerning whom we have 'no information,' but who has doubtless her own temptations, wrongs, and troubles also, which concern her with equal nearness, although they may not be so genteel! It is probable that the true history of the second gravedigger in *Hamlet* would be to the full as interesting as what we know of that philosophic Prince himself, though his father had not been murdered by his uncle, albeit even that may have been the case, for aught we know. But, alas! the novelist has not the power which the *Devil on Two Sticks* possessed of lifting the tiles off the attics; but has generally to content himself with such glimpses as he can obtain through the keyholes of the first and second floors.

Taking advantage of even this moderate privilege, we are sometimes rewarded with phenomena. Thus, it is little less than a portent to see Captain Walter

Lisgard, who is not generally addicted to early rising, up and dressed upon a certain May morning before the clock on the great stairs has sounded three. True, he has been out of bed once or twice at such an hour on other occasions, but then it was because he had not retired to rest the night before. He has done that, however, this time, or, at all events, has exchanged his evening-dress for morning-costume. Some people do get up at the most premature hours, even in winter, and light their own fires, and retrim the midnight lamp to pursue literary or scientific labours; but if Captain Lisgard has got up to study, we will eat him. What can he be about? He gropes his way down the great staircase, where darkness is made visible by streaks of grayish light—which is not yet dawn—struggling through cracks and crannies; and he stumbles over the heavy rug beneath the bottom step, and swears with involuntary emphasis. Then he listens a while, to see what will come of that. The great clock on the hall-table ticks reprovingly: 'Don't, don't—shame, shame!' as he never heard it tick before; and here and there breaks forth an expostulatory creaking, as though from moral furniture, which has no such scruples in the daytime; but his ejaculation has aroused no living being.

Softly he turns the key of the front-door, softly withdraws the bolts, and would as softly have slipped out, but that there is suddenly a jar and a whirl, and the opening door is held fast by an iron hand. 'Confound the chain!' exclaims the captain. 'It is as difficult to get out of this house as out of Newgate.' Then, when all is still quiet, he emerges upon the stone steps with an 'I wonder for my part how burglars are ever discovered,' and takes his way towards the village. The gates are locked at the end of the avenue, and the porter and his wife are doubtless fast asleep, as well as fair-haired Polly—dreaming perhaps of himself, thinks the captain with a half-contemptuous, half-complacent smile—but Master Walter, who is as active as a cat, climbs the stone pillar by help of the iron hinge, and 'drops' noiselessly on to the road. He passes up the humble street, where each cottage is quiet as the grave—two blessed hours intervening yet between its inmates and their toil, and makes for the *Lisgard Arms*. The inn stands on a slight elevation, so that he sees it some time before he nears it. 'Why, the place is on fire!' mutters the captain; and certainly there is some extraordinary illumination taking place in one of the apartments. A flood of light pours from it as from some Pharos, as though to beckon benighted folks whither good ale is to be found; and yet the house is always shut at eleven, in conformity with the squire's orders.

'It's that infernal idiot Derrick himself who has done it,' continues the captain. 'That's his room, I know. Just as if he could not have got up in the dark, as I did: a fellow that probably never had more than a farthing dip to light him any morning, before he went to Cariboo. I wonder, for my part, he can dress without a valet. What a stuck-up, vulgar dog it is! How I hate his pinchbeck ostentation, and still worse, his dreadful familiarity! If it could only be found out immediately after this Derby that he was a returned transport, with five-and-twenty years or so of his sentence still unexpired, how delightful it would be! I really think that he is least objectionable in the evenings, when he is drunk. There is something original in

his brute-manner of swelling; a sort of over-driven style about his stagger, which would make his fortune upon any stage—where there was room enough for the magnitude of the exhibition. Certainly, one has to pay for the society of this sort of gentry, and still more for their friendship. Alas, that I should have made this fortunate savage fond of me! I wish I could feel as Valentine did with Orson, instead of being much more like the too ingenious Frankenstein, whose monster became his master. However, that has not come about yet—notwithstanding meddling Mr Arthur Haldane's warnings.—Let me see, it was arranged, I think, that I was to whistle to this animal. Master Walter drew a silver cab-call from his pocket, and executed upon it the disconsolate cry of one who in London streets between the closing of the night-houses and the rising of the sun desires a Hansom. Instantly the light from the inn began to diminish—once, twice, thrice; and then the casement became blind and rayless like the other windows. 'That beggar had four candles lit!' ejaculated the captain with irritation. 'It was a mercy that he did not bring out the village fire-engine! Here he comes with his eternal pipe, too. I daresay he had the imprudence to light that before he left the house, and Steve's red nose will smell it.'

There are some men who always look the same no matter at what hour you come upon them: fresh, and hearty, and strong, they have but to duck their heads in cold water, and straightway the fatigues of a weary day or a sleepless night are utterly obliterated. They rejoice like giants to run their courses without any sort of preparation in the way of food and sleep, such as the rest of mankind require. Against this healthy animalism we protest, by calling it rude health; and to those who are of a less powerful constitution, it is naturally an offensive spectacle. Walter Lisgard had himself by no means a delicate organisation; his complexion, though pale, was far from sickly; his limbs, though models of grace rather than of strength, were of good proportions and well knit. But he was conscious of looking heavy-eyed and haggard, and he secretly resented the robust and florid appearance of the unconscious individual who now joined him—a man at least twenty-five years his senior.

'I suppose you have been accustomed to get up at these unearthly hours at the gold-diggings, that you look so disagreeably wide-awake, Mr Derrick,' grumbled he. 'You would very much oblige me if you would but yawn.'

'Get up! Master Walter; why, I've never been to bed,' answered the bearded man with a great guffaw. 'The fact is, that I took a little more than was good for me last night, and I did not dare lie down, knowing that we had this business on hand so early.'

'Why, one would think, by the amount of light, that you had been lying in state, like some deceased king of the Cannibal Islands,' returned the other peevishly. 'Was it your habit to use two pair of candles in your bedroom in Cariboo?'

'Well, I never had a bedroom there, that you would call such, as I have told you again and again, Master Walter; but I have burned twenty candles at a time when they were selling at Antler Creek at five dollars a pound. You imagine, I suppose, that it is only you gentlemen who live at home at ease who have money to spend; but let me tell you

that is not the case. I will go bail for my part, for example, that I have paid more sovereigns away in twenty-four hours than your brother, Sir Richard, ever did in a week.'

'My dear Mr Derrick, you are boastful this morning,' said the captain quietly: 'it is my belief that you have taken a hair of the dog that bit you overnight.'

'Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't, Master Walter; but I shall burn just as many candles as I like. I have worked hard enough for my money, and, dam'me, but I'll enjoy it. Why, when I was at New Westminster, I had my horse shod with gold, sir; and if I choose, I'll do it here.'

'You would have a perfect right so to do, Mr Derrick,' returned the other gravely; 'and for my part, if your horse should cast a shoe in my neighbourhood, I should warmly applaud your expensive tastes. But you must have been really very rich, to do such things. Now, how much do you think you were worth when you were at New Westminster?'

'That's tellings, captain,' responded the other with a cunning chuckle; 'but when I was on Fraser River, me and my mate Blanquette, we made'—

'Well, now, what *did* you make?' urged the young man, as the other hesitated.

'Well, we made nothing for the first five days,' answered Derrick drily—'nothing at all.—How far have we got to go to reach the Measured Mile by this road?'

The two men had left the village, and were pursuing a winding chalk-road that led, but not directly, to the Downlands at the back of Mr Chifney's stables.

'It is a very circuitous route,' returned Master Walter frankly; 'and I was in hopes it might be shortened to the fancy by hearing you tell something of your own story. But, of course, I have no wish to press you to tell it against your will. You have conferred obligations upon me enough already, I am quite aware.'

This was the first sentence of conciliation, not to say of civility, that the young man had spoken, and heretofore his air had been cross or cynical; yet no sooner did he evince this little of goodwill, than the manner of the other softened at once to a degree that was very remarkable in so rough a man.

'Don't talk of obligations, lad, for I like you—ay, so well, that I wish you were son of mine; not that I am fit to be the father of such as you either; I *know* that well.'

'If I were your son, I am afraid you would have a good deal of trouble with me, Mr Derrick,' replied the young man laughing; 'I am not a good boy.'

'That is true, Walter Lisgard; and yet I never saw a face that took my liking as yours does—save once. I could not tell what drew me so towards you, when I first met you up at the Farm yonder; but now I know very well.'

'Then it is to the similarity between myself and some other favoured individual that I am indebted for your regard? That rather robs the compliment of its flavour.'

'Ay, my lad; but you are dear to me for your own sake also, although, indeed, I scarce know why.'

'Thank you, Mr Derrick.'

'True,' continued the other thoughtfully, without noticing his companion's flippant tone, 'you are like—ah, Heaven, how like you are to one that's dead

and gone! Indeed, I can refuse you nothing while I think upon it. It is not everybody, however, lad, to whom I would humour by telling exactly what I am worth. While a man is merely known as rich, he may have any sum, and be looked up to accordingly; but when his wealth can be reckoned to a pound, he loses credit. If *Manylaws* wins at Epsom, I shall be worth—ay, near a hundred thousand pounds.'

'I suppose no one in Cariboo ever made a sum like that by gold-digging, eh?'

'I think no one, Master Walter. There was no claim so rich as my mate's and mine at Snowy Creek, and it did not yield that sum. But, by Heaven, how well I remember what it did yield. It seemed to me then that I should never run risks any more, but live on what I had in content and plenty; and yet here I am, this very morning'—

'My dear sir,' interrupted his companion gaily, 'it appears to me that you are taking gloomy views. What is life without excitement?'

'Ay, that is very well for *you*, lad, who have something to fall back upon, if your little schemes should miscarry. Excitement in your case is only another name for amusement; but in mine'—

'Well, in yours, Mr Derrick?'

'Do not call me Mister; call me Ralph, lad—that is, if you are not ashamed of me altogether.—You are ashamed, I see. Well, never mind.—Let me see, I was speaking of Cariboo, was I not? Well, success or failure there was a question of life and death. One might be a beggar, or one might be the king of the colony. I had known what poverty was—and that is not merely being without money, mind. I have lived among a savage people for months who had neither gold nor silver—nothing to hoard and nothing to spend save shells picked up on the sea-shore, and strung on sea-weed for a purse; and I was as poor as they; but yet it was not poverty. But I had felt the sting of that in many a crowded city, and I came to Cariboo to escape from it. If I should make my thousand pounds or so, I would buy a farm, or a share in a ship, and live a quiet respectable life to the end of my days. While making these good resolutions, my ready money—which was also all I had in the world—was melting fast. With the last ten pounds of it, I bought the half of a small claim at Snowy Creek. Blanquette and I sawed our own lumber and made our own sluices. It was no light work even for me, who had been used to rough it. There was twelve feet of top-stripping to be removed before we could hope to reach the pay-dirt. For the first five days, we made nothing. I would have sold my share in the whole concern for a couple of pounds, and begun life with that afresh; but on the sixth day we found fourteen ounces of gold, and I was worth fifty pounds. Then I would not have sold my chance for scarcely any sum that you could name. I would have shot any man that had jumped into our pit, spade in hand, just as I would have shot a dog. Your brother, Sir Richard, may talk about the rights of property, but he never appreciated them as I did then. On the seventh day, we found forty-five ounces; on the eighth, sixty. The find kept on increasing, till it rose to four hundred ounces daily, when we employed eight hands to clear away the tailings. The whole area of the place out of which I scooped my fortune was not eighty feet by twenty. I found for my share twelve thousand pounds in it.'

'And you brought that safe to England, did you?'

'No, lad, I did not. I spent five hundred pounds of it in champagne—we drank it out of buckets—for one item.'

'And in candles, Ralph,' asked Master Walter smiling—'how much in candles?'

'In one thing and another, dear lad, I spent four thousand pounds before we landed in England. Even what was left would have seemed affluence six months before— But there, what's the good of talking? There's the rubbing-down house, is it not? and I shall soon know whether I am going to get a second fortune, or to lose what I have.'

CHAPTER XII.—THE TRIAL.

The sun had risen, and the long waste of Down stretched far and wide on all sides; a broad and level track as smooth as any lawn, with here and there a long but gentle slope, marked the exercising-ground used by Mr Chifney's horses. This glistened in the early rays like a path of silver. But fringing it on one side lay a great patch of gorse, and this quite twinkled with green and gold from the gossamers, whose slender fibres covered it as with a veil. The air was fresh and odorous with a hundred pleasant scents, and in the distant vale the morning mists were lifting from field and farm, from tower and town, as at the command of some enchanter. Nothing was heard but the occasional 'tink, tink' of a sheep-bell from the still sleeping folds. It was a scene to charm eye and ear; but Captain Walter Lisgard of the 104th Dragoons, and Mr Derrick from Cariboo, were persons upon whom the Dawn and its concomitants were a good deal thrown away.

'You are sure this is the right place?' inquired the Colonist as they reached a long low-shuttered building, half brick half wood, where the horses were wont to be rubbed down after their gallops.

'Ay, this is it right enough,' was the reply. 'I dare say they are all inside there waiting for us. It does not do to be seen at this sort of work. Yes, here they are.'

Inside the doorway of the shed in question stood Mr Tite Chifney, in company with a gentleman of advanced years, in a white great-coat and a new broad-brimmed hat, somewhat resembling a bishop's.

'How are you, Lisgard?'

'How do you do, my Lord?' were the only salutations that passed between the members of the two parties, who had met entirely upon business.

'Come and beat the furze with me, will you, Derrick? the captain has not his gaiters on. It is well to make quite sure that we are all alone before we begin,' said the horse-trainer. The two men accordingly stepped into the gorse, and commenced walking through it in parallel lines, as though in pursuit of game. When he came to a patch of gorse a little higher and thicker than the rest, Mr Chifney struck it violently with his whip, as if for rabbits. All of a sudden, there was a violent ejaculation from Derrick; he threw himself down upon some crouching object, and then came a struggle and a choking scream. 'Hollo, don't kill the fellow,' exclaimed Chifney running up. 'See, he's black in the face, man.—Master Walter, my Lord—help, here, help!'

The two men who had been left in the rubbing-house came quickly forward, but it took the

combined strength of all three of them to release the poor wretch from the powerful grasp of the Cariboo miner.

'Damn the rogue; I'll teach him to come spying here,' cried he, nodding with his head towards a shattered telescope, upon which he had just stamped his foot. 'I'll squeeze his throat for him.'

'You seem to have done that already, sir,' said the man in the broad brim coolly; 'a very little more of it, and you would probably have had your throat squeezed for you by the hangman. Poor devil, he doesn't seem to have much beside his life belonging to him, so that it would be hard to take that.'

A wretched object, clothed in ragged black, and with wisps of straw for shoes, wet with the dew amid which he had been lying, and shivering with pain and fear, here crawled to the last speaker's feet.

'Don't let 'em murder me, my Lord. They will, if you don't interfere,' screamed the wretched 'tout,' whose mission it was to procure racing intelligence under difficulties of this sort, but who had been fairly cowed by Derrick's rage and violence. 'I swear to you that I will never tell a soul that I have seen your lordship'—

'Quiet, fool!' interrupted the other sternly, 'unless you want to have your lying tongue cut out.—It's bad enough,' whispered he to the trainer, 'that he should have seen me here; but do you think he has seen the horses?'

'That's quite certain, my Lord,' returned the trainer coolly; 'and this is a mouth as can't be shut about that matter. But he shall see nothing more of this morning's work.—Come here, you sir.'

Taking the trembling wretch by the collar, he led him to the edge of the furze, and having securely tied his arms and legs, enveloped his head in a horse-cloth which he brought out of the rubbing-house. From the same building there now emerged two horses, not in the clothes in which exercise was generally taken, but ready in all respects for racing, and ridden not by stable-boys as usual, but by regular jockeys.

'There is no question about it but the bay is the best-looking, my Lord,' said the trainer, in answer to something that had been addressed to him; 'but handsome is as handsome does. You would not thank me for praising *The King* on Epsom Downs, after he had been beaten by an outsider such as yonder horse.'

'Who rides the creature?' inquired the other sharply, and looking contemptuously towards the clumsy black, who was no other than our old friend *Menelaus*. 'Dam'me if he don't look more fit for a hearse than a race-course.'

'Jack Withers, my Lord—a man that was with him in France, and thoroughly understands what the horse can do; and, indeed, there is no other that can ride him as should be. That's the worst of these foreign horses—they are so full of tricks. I've known that black stand stock-still in his gallops, and shoot his boy off just like a rocket. He can't abide a strange seat.'

'Of course Withers rides him in the great race,' observed the other thoughtfully.

'Certainly, my Lord, just as Tom Uxbridge here will mount *The King*. What's the good of having a trial race unless with the same jocks as is to ride them afterwards?—Starting from that white post, up the rise yonder, round the fir clump, and so

back again, is the Derby course to a yard.—Master Walter and Mr Derrick, will you be so good as to bear a hand, and help me out with the steps?'

'Ain't the gentleman in the broad brim going to use them as well as me?' observed the Colonel insolently, and keeping his hands resolutely in his pockets. 'I never engaged myself to be his body-servant, as I know on.'

There being no answer to this appeal, Captain Lisgard and the trainer once more entered the rubbing-house, and reappeared dragging with them a movable platform upon wheels, and furnished with a flight of steps after the manner of a pulpit. From the top of this, one might see the whole course from end to end, and upon it the four spectators took their station close to the starting-post.

'Now, my lads, are you both ready?' inquired the trainer of the jockeys, who were getting their fuming horses into line. 'This handkerchief will serve for a flag, and when I drop it, let there be no false starts. One, two, three—now off!'

As the handkerchief left his fingers, the bay and black leaped forward as with a single impulse; the next moment each had got into his stride, and was away like the wind.

'It is amazing how they keep together,' muttered his Lordship in an uneasy tone: 'I should not have thought the Frenchman had had such speed in him.'

'It is the hill which will decide the matter, my Lord,' returned the trainer in a low tone; 'the ground is rising already. There! and see, the black draws ahead.'

'Ay, the black has it!' cried Derrick with a frightful imprecation. 'I will lay fifty pounds to ten on *Manylaws*.'

'I take you, sir,' said the man in the broad-brim coolly, as with race-glass in hand he watched every movement of the horses who were now nearing the fir-clump: 'there has something happened to that big-boned animal of yours, I fear. What is it, Chifney?'

He was about to pass the glass to the trainer, but Derrick roughly tore it from his grasp, and applied it to his own eyes. 'It's one of his infernal jibs,' exclaimed he; 'and yet—Well done, Jack Withers; that's a five-pound note in your pocket.—Perhaps you'd like to look again, my Lord, for their position is a little altered.'

'The black is gaining fast,' ejaculated Captain Lisgard, his pale face aglow with excitement. 'He has recovered all he lost by that false step. What a pace they are coming down the hill! By Heaven, *The King* is beaten! Tom is using the whip.'

'Just what I expected,' murmured the trainer.

There was a thunder of hoofs, the smack of a whip again and again, a flash of colour—first black, then bay—and the trial-race was over.

'In a second and a half less time than the last Derby,' said his Lordship drily, after consulting his stop-watch.

'I think I did not bring you here for nothing, my Lord,' said the trainer confidentially.

'Certainly not, Mr Chifney,' returned the other bitterly: 'I find myself a poorer man than I had thought to be three minutes ago by fifty thousand pounds. Moreover, I have made the acquaintance of one of the greatest ruffians that I have ever met even upon a race-course. It is altogether an excellent morning's work.'

'It would have been worse for you, my Lord, if

you had not come,' answered the trainer with some stiffness; 'you would not have thanked me if you had seen this for the first time on Epsom Downs.'

'Very true—very true, Mr Chifney. But you must excuse my feeling a little annoyed by the results of this gallop. And as for this gentleman with the beard—when he has done shaking his hands with his jockey—Here are two five-pound notes for you, sir—the amount of my bet.'

'Keep it yourself, my Lord,' exclaimed Derrick, waving his hat round and round in frantic joy. 'Or stay, if you're too proud.—Here, Jack, is a fiver for you; and here, you poor devil in the horse-cloth, here's another for you, to heal your wind-pipe, which, I believe, I squeezed a little too hard a while ago. If the race had gone agen me, you'd never have got a shilling of compensation, so you may thank *Many-laws*.'

The trainer's hand was clapped upon the incautious gold-digger's mouth with considerable emphasis, but it arrived too late. 'The cat was out of the bag.' The tout had learned the very piece of intelligence to obtain which he had gone through so much.

Bound and bruised, and in evil plight as he was, the fellow could not help indulging in a sly chuckle, while his four enemies (for the jockeys were already in the rubbing-down house attending to their panting steeds) regarded one another with looks of blank dismay.

'You have done it now, Mr Derrick,' observed the trainer lugubriously. 'We shall never get thirty to one—no, nor ten to one—against *Mene-laws* again.—Great Heaven! why, you wouldn't kill the man!'

The gold-digger had drawn a clasp-knife, half dagger, half cutting-tool, from his pocket, and was quietly feeling the point of it with his thumb. 'I have done wrong,' said he, 'but it is a wrong which is not without remedy. No, I am not going to murder this gentleman—at least not now; but I have something of importance to tell him.—Look you here, Mr Tout. I am not a respectable person any more than yourself, in a general way; but there is probably this difference between us—I am a man of my word. What I *say*, I will do, I always *do* do, at all hazards. If a man robs another of his gold in the place where I come from, we shoot him: it mayn't be right, but that is the principle on which we act. You will rob me of all I have in the world if you tell what you have seen to-day; consequently, mark me, if you do tell, *I will kill you*. Of this you may be well assured. That is the only satisfaction which will be left me. You have felt my fingers, but you will in that case feel this knife. I hope I make myself well understood—No, Master Walter, this is not your business, but a private matter between this person and myself. I want to take a good look at him, so that I may know him again anywhere; alone or in company, in England or across seas; let him be sure I shall find him out; and I want him to take a good look at me. Mine is not the face of a man who falters in his purpose, or who, having suffered a wrong, puts up with it, I think, and does not revenge himself.'

He knelt down, and set his bearded cheek quite close to the luckless tout. Each looked into the other's eyes—one inquiringly, with a half-timid, half-cunning glance; the other sternly, vengefully, like a judge and executioner in one.

'I will never tell!' quavered the miserable wretch—'s' help me, Heaven, I never will!'

'Yes, you will,' returned Derrick coolly; 'I can see that you are a babbler born; and I don't ask impossibilities. Moreover, it is but just that you should derive some advantage from my folly. In a week's time, you may tell your employer what you please. In the meanwhile, there is your five pounds. I wish to act as fairly by you as I can; but if the odds rise or fall respecting these two horses within seven days—as they can only do if the result of this trial gets wind—then I shall know where to find a sheath for this knife.' With these words he cut the rope that bound the man's arms and legs, pushed the five-pound note into his hands, and bade him be off; whereupon off he shambled.

Neither the trainer nor the man addressed as 'my Lord' had stirred or spoken a word during this interview, and Captain Lisgard had only once made a movement as though to interrupt it. All three were well enough pleased that the gold-digger had taken the task of imposing silence into his own hands. In all likelihood, he was merely threatening the fellow; and if not, they did not wish to be accessories before the fact to—any vengeance he might choose to inflict upon the offending tout.

'Well, gentlemen, we have now six clear days wherein to make our arrangements,' said Derrick, 'and a good deal may be done in that time. True, but for my stupid conduct, we might have had more time before us; but I have made what amends lies in my power.'

'You believe, then, that yonder rascal will keep his word, do you?' inquired the trainer incredulously.

'I think so, Mr Chifney. I shall certainly keep mine,' returned the other gravely.—'Master Walter, we had better be moving home.'

At these words, the party separated—like men who have each their work to do, and are glad to be quit of their companions, in order that they may set about it—with no more ceremony than a parting nod. The man in the broad-brim rode away upon a shooting-pony, which awaited him in the rubbing-down house. The jockeys paced slowly towards their stables, each horse now clothed and visored as though it had been merely out for early exercise; while Mr Chifney walked briskly homeward by another route.

Derrick and Captain Lisgard returned together by the way they came, and plodded on for some time in total silence.

'You will put all your money upon the black un now, I fancy, Master Walter?' observed the gold-digger at last, as they drew near the village.

'I have done that already,' replied the young man frankly. 'I was thinking rather of hedging when the odds fall.'

'Nay, do not do that, lad,' rejoined the other earnestly; 'the thing is a certainty. *The King* was the only horse that we had to fear. On the contrary, my advice is, 'Put the Pot on.''

'The Pot is on, with all I have to put in it, Mr Derrick. You forget that I am not an eldest son, and nobody lends money to a younger.'

'Ay, true; there's that confounded stuck-up coxcomb, Sir Richard. But look here, my lad. In this pocket-book I carry all I am worth in the world, for in Cariboo there are no banks, and a man at my time of life does not readily change his habits. Here are five hundred pounds entirely at your service. Nay, I told you that I had taken a liking to you,

and I would give them to you right-away, only I suppose you are too proud to accept them, save as a loan.'

'Mr Derrick—Ralph—you are very, very kind,' said the young man hesitatingly; 'but this is a large sum.'

'At the present prices, it is ten thousand pounds if *Manylaws* wins,' replied the gold-digger, rubbing his hands; 'and if *Manylaws* does not win—well, I shall not, I hope, be an importunate creditor. I do not say: "Do not thank me," lad, for I like you to smile like that. You are very, very welcome. But here we part; you to your home and friends, and I—well, I am used to be alone. I shall not see a friend's face again till I see yours. Good-bye, dear lad, good-bye.'

With a hearty hand-shake and more thanks, Master Walter strode gaily away through the still slumbering village, reclinable the avenue gate, and let himself noiselessly in at the front-door. As he passed on tiptoe along a gallery, on one side of which lay his sister's apartment, and on the other that of Miss Rose Aynton's, a door opened, and an anxious voice whispered: 'What news, Walter?' 'Good news,' replied he in the same cautious tone, and glided on to his own room.

THE ZAMBESI.

DR LIVINGSTONE has returned to Africa to make further efforts for the civilisation of the natives, and to extend his researches north of Lake Nyassa, and south of Lake Tanganyika, in confirmation of the 'illustrious discoveries' of Grant and Speke. He is supported in his undertaking by the government, by the Royal Geographical Society, and by the munificence of private individuals; and the voluminous and interesting account which he has lately published of the scenes he has visited, and the discoveries he has made since 1858, lead to a sanguine expectation that he may be able to effect very important results. The tremendous downfall of the slave-power in America at the very moment when he wrote the preface to his work in April 1865; and the active interference of the Emperor of the French, together with a more wholesome condition of Portuguese public morality, of which there are pleasing indications, lend brighter colours than could have been hoped for, a little while ago, to the new expedition. The slave-trade renders all efforts vain. Its moral and physical effects, of which we, at a distance, have a very vague and insufficient idea, when we limit them to the cruel capture, the horrible middle-passage, and the bitter life of enforced servitude, are too powerful to be contended with successfully, and in its extinction lies the sole chance for African civilisation. The facts which Dr Livingstone presents, in the unattractive guise of statistics certainly, but interesting for all that, and which contrast the English and American settlements on the west coast with the Portuguese settlements on the east, would prove his position without the narrative of his own experience, which strengthens and illustrates it. We will take it for granted; we heartily rejoice in the prospect of the Portuguese being brought to sentiments not only of humanity, but of reason; of their learning, in spite of their effete and obstinacy, that other trades may be established

which will pay infinitely better, and that they may as well try colonisation in another sense than sending convicts only to a rich and fertile country, whose climate has a singularly pacific effect; and turn to the many-sided interest of a volume,* which gives us simple and yet wonderful details of the life of our kind, and the aspects of nature in the least known continent in the world.

The Portuguese had played a clever trick, which had long been successful, by pretending that the river Quillimane, sixty miles distant from the mouths of the Zambesi, is the principal entrance to the latter river; so that while the English cruisers were watching the false mouth, slaves were being quietly shipped by the true one. That little device has been rendered inoperative for the future by an examination made of the three branches, and the decision that the Kongone is the best entrance. The route of the party is therefore to be traced from this entrance, up which they steamed, into sight of a land entirely new to them, and wonderfully beautiful. The giant vegetation of the tropics clothed the river-banks; the towering screw-palms shot lance-like towards the sky, but were softened and beautified by rich clinging garments of many-coloured parasites; and for twenty miles the river wound through luxuriant mangrove jungle. In the grassy glades were herds of buffalo and antelopes. The loud note of the king-hunter rings through the woods, and the ibis, unaccustomed to the intrusion of steam-paddles on his family repasts, rushes away with an angry scream. So far all is beautiful, and farther, for broad fertile lands lie beyond the mangrove jungles, reaching from the Kongone Canal to Mazaro, eighty miles in length, and fifty in breadth, admirably adapted for the growth of sugar-cane, and capable of supplying all Europe with sugar. But the natives are wretched creatures, Portuguese 'colonos,' or serfs. They were much astonished at the steamers, and remarked that the *Pearl* was like a village; then asked, evidently regarding her, intelligently enough, as a development of their own canoe, if she had been made out of one tree. With such little interludes as witnessing a battle between natives and Portuguese, carrying off a 'governor' out of the fight, and physicking him against his will, but with success, and the constant encountering of crocodiles and hippopotami, they come to Mazaro, and then to Shupanga, where a one-storied house stands on the prettiest site on the river. The lawn slopes down to the wide, island-dotted bosom of the Zambesi, and to the north stretch magnificent forests, and a range of blue hills. Dr Livingstone was to visit this house again in 1862, and to make his wife's grave under one of the noble trees upon the lawn. But that was far away, when they 'wooded up,' with *African ebony* and *lignum vite*, to the great distress of the engineer, who could not disembarrass his mind of the value of these woods at home, and started for Tette.

Here the Makalolo, with whom Dr Livingstone made us acquainted long ago, recognised him with great delight, and told him how thirty of their number had died of small-pox, having been bewitched by the people of Tette. The state of things in this town is deplorable, and

* *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, 1858—1864.* By David and Charles Livingstone. London: John Murray.

affords a sample of African superstition in almost the lowest possible form. The people away up the country, in the valley of the Shire, are not nearly so repulsive. Belief in, and fear of, evil spirits, a religion of torment is their sole spiritual idea, and they have no notion that the Morning, or Great Spirit, takes any interest in them. Their faith in 'medicines' is unbounded, and impervious to attack by experience. A medicine prepared by the elephant doctor will enable the hunter to attack and kill the formidable beast in safety; and the crocodile doctor dispenses a medicine which secures the purchaser from the jaws of the rapacious saurian. Hunting expeditions are unsuccessful, and crocodiles carry off women; but these little occurrences have no power to shake the influence of the medicine-men. From Tette, the party set out to examine the rapids of Kebrabasa, an undertaking which excited profound astonishment in the minds of the natives, and not very unreasonably, for the labour and fatigue involved were terrible, and the heat to be endured such as must have daunted any persons bent on a less object than the discovery of a great natural feature, combined with the exposure of the falsehood of rivals—for the Portuguese pooh-poohed the Kebrabasa Falls, describing them as two or three detached rocks jutting out into the river, and so trifling an impediment to its navigation, that they might easily be removed by blasting with gunpowder. The truth is, 'a cataract, situated on a sudden bend of the river, which is flowing in a short curve; the river above it is jammed between two mountains in a channel with perpendicular sides, and less than fifty yards wide; one or two masses of rock jut out, and then there is a sloping fall of perhaps twenty feet, at a distance of thirty yards.' On the return of the party from their exploration, they had a specimen of the intellectual quality of the native Portuguese. One of them had gone to the governor, and told him gravely that the waters had risen, and become turbid, and that the Englishmen were doing something to the river. They also discovered that they were held accountable for the drought, and this by yellow Christians, not black heathen. Dr Livingstone tried these intelligent beings with cotton-seed which he had brought to Africa, in ignorance that the cotton already introduced was equal, if not superior, to the common American, but they regarded it with indifference; their ideas could not soar beyond 'black ivory,' or slaves, elephants' tusks, and a little gold-dust.

The amazement created by the exploration of the Kebrabasa Falls by the English party, was mild in comparison with that which their determination to explore the Shire, a tributary of the Zambesi, which joins it about a hundred miles from the sea, created. The river was impassable by reason of duckweed, and the shores were peopled by savage tribes, who shot intruders with poisoned arrows. The governor remonstrated. 'Our government,' he said, 'have sent us orders to assist and protect you; but you go where we dare not follow, and how can we protect you?' No European, so far as they could learn, ever had ascended the Shire, and the Portuguese believed the Manganja to be brave, blood-thirsty savages. Nevertheless, up the Shire they went. There was a little duckweed, but not enough to interrupt any kind of craft, and that little disappeared after twenty-five miles. As they neared the villages, the natives collected,

armed with their bows, and looked dangerous. One chief, named Tingane, who contrasts, like many others, favourably in point of intelligence with the native Portuguese, came out with five hundred men, and ordered them to stop. This mighty chieftain was much impressed by the steamer, and instantly divined that these were strange people, of a kind he had never seen before. Tingane was a well-known enemy to slaving, and barrier to Portuguese access to the inland tribes: so Dr Livingstone landed, and told him they, the English, were come neither to fight nor to take slaves, but only to open a path for their fellow-countrymen to purchase cotton, or whatever else he and his might have to sell, except slaves. On this, Tingane conducted himself in a most gentlemanly manner, and summoned all his people to hear the explanation. As the English efforts at sea to prevent slavery have reached the knowledge of the natives in very remote places, they were readily and respectfully heard, and the tribe proved very amenable on the subject of cotton-cultivation, and the Bible. The party were a little disconcerted when they discovered that their interpreter was establishing a close relation between the two, by the following simple and explicit doctrine: 'The Book-Book says you are to grow cotton, and the English are to come and buy it;' besides occasionally winding up with a joke of his own invention, 'which,' Dr Livingstone gravely remarks, 'might have been ludicrous, had it not been seriously distressing,' but which most people will think *was* ludicrous, whether or not.

They went on, meeting no molestation whatever, but noticing that the natives maintained a strong guard along the shore night and day, and enjoying to the utmost the delight of pursuing the windings of more than two hundred miles of a previously unexplored river. It would be difficult to say whether the inexpressible charm of such a situation is derived most directly from its circumstances or from its associations, from the luxuriant lonely beauty of nature, unseen till then by educated eyes, or from the mental contrast produced by the high civilisation represented by the explorers. So on and on for one hundred miles in a straight line, but double the distance by the winding river, until they were stopped by magnificent cataracts, which they named the Murchison; and then, as a land-journey was not safe, until they had cultivated more familiar relations with the natives, swiftly, aided by the current, back to Tette. A strange voyage, in a very dubious steamer, called by contemptuous consent the *Asthetic*, with herds of hippopotami and shoals of crocodiles swimming about—the former always getting out of the way with ungainly alacrity; but the latter, mistaking the steamer for a swimming animal, making ferocious rushes, and going down like stones, with much ignominy, when close to the paddles.

In March 1859, they started again for their second exploration of the Shire. The natives were very friendly, and sold them rice, fowls, and corn, besides inviting them to drink beer with quite a British cordiality. Ten miles below Murchison's Cataract, they made friends with a chief named Chibisa, who is one of the most remarkable personages mentioned. His notions of his own authority were almost as stringent as those of the king of Prussia, and he carried them out with much greater intelligence and humanity. He assured Dr Livingstone that he had been an ordinary

man when his father died, and left him the chieftainship; but on succeeding to the high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back, so that he knew he was a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom; and people then began to fear and reverence him. 'He mentioned this as one would a fact in natural history, any doubt being quite out of the question.' Tracing the course of the party from this point, it runs in a northerly direction by land to Lake Shirwa, through the country of the Manganja. They were chiefly guided by madmen, the African villages resembling the Irish in the number of insane and idiotic persons among the inhabitants; and the attitude of the tribes caused them some uneasiness; but they were never attacked. They found Lake Shirwa a body of bitter water, eighty miles broad, containing fish, leeches, crocodiles, and hippopotami, eighteen hundred feet above the sea, surrounded with most beautiful country, and bounded on the east by a chain of lofty mountains. As they penetrate the unknown land, it grows only more and more beautiful, and unlike all that we used to suppose Africa to be.

Dr Livingstone's third journey up the Shire was made for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the people, and of reaching Lake Nyassa on foot. Its details are very interesting, abounding in natural phenomena, and affording altogether novel views of the natives. There must be wonderful variety of character and degrees of intelligence among the native tribes, for Dr Livingstone's Africans do not resemble Captain Grant's, and are much better fellows in every respect. As in all books of African travel, the brute creation comes out magnificently in this, and it is an unmitigated pleasure to read descriptions of the superb elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes, and of the beautiful deer, unaccompanied by the sickening details of cruelty and slaughter which too frequently form their accompaniments.

The march to Lake Nyassa was delightful, with all its weariness. The party numbered forty-two, and was well provided with cloth and beads for purposes of barter and sale. The natives were peaceful, and ready to trade, the country wonderfully and variously beautiful. The Manganja country is profusely watered; they passed seven brooks and a spring in an hour. This in the heart of Africa! How astonished our former teachers and our old map-makers would be, if they knew this! The highlands are well wooded, and many splendid trees grow on the water-courses. There are no wild beasts of a destructive kind, and the country is admirably adapted for domestic animals. The people are very industrious; they work in iron, cotton, and basket-making, and cultivate the soil extensively. They are gentle, and punctiliously polite. They are unfortunately much given to intoxication, though not to be compared to Captain Speke's friends in that respect; and they have certain ideas of personal adornment, to which it is impossible to be reconciled. Tattooing, nose-rings, ear-rings of every kind and degree of grotesqueness—all are endurable in comparison with the *pelele*. A drawing of a young girl wearing this horrible ornament, a ring of bone or tin, three inches in diameter, inserted into the upper lip, with a thin rim of flesh all round it, is indescribably revolting, though the face is not ugly, and the expression is decidedly intelligent and gentle. It has a ludicrous effect, too, as though the girl were

adroitly holding a circular shaving-glass between her teeth.

These people have remarkably white and fine teeth, but they are carefully chipped into resemblance to those of the crocodile or the cat. Skin-diseases are prevalent among them, and many are afflicted with the leprosy of the Cape. Noticing that some of the men were marked with small-pox, Dr Livingstone asked about its origin, whether it had come from the coast or the interior. The chief, anxious to pay a compliment, and amiably tipsy, replied with much graciousness, that he was not sure, but he rather thought it must have come from the English. On the whole, we derive a pleasing impression of these harmless people, and there is something pathetic in their simple statement of their spiritual state. 'We live only a few days here, but we live again after death—we do not know where or in what condition, or with what companions, for the dead never return to tell us. Sometimes the dead do come back and appear to us in dreams; but they never speak, nor tell us where they have gone, nor how they fare.' Wiser men than the poor Manganja have avowed themselves to be but 'infants crying in the night—infants crying for the light.' It is melancholy to contrast the condition of these people as the Englishmen saw them first, and as they saw them when the devastating curse of the slaving-parties had passed over their country. The party reached Lake Nyassa in September 1859, two months before Dr Roscher, who was murdered on his return by the Arab road to the Rumona, and of whose discoveries nothing is known. After their return to Shupanga, and an expedition to the country of the Makololo, they again went to Kebrabasa, and marched across the hills into the beautiful plains of Chicova. Here their camp-life was indeed rude and adventurous, for the country abounds with lions, and the sight of a white man is utterly unknown. The heat was intense, but they journeyed slowly, and held out well, convincing themselves that the European power of endurance, even in the tropics, is greater than that of the hardest of the meat-eating Africans. Here they had to live by hunting, and found their supplies very precarious, for it was very hard to get at the animals, and harder still to get at the natives, who screamed and ran away at sight of them.

At Zumbo they examined, with strange feelings, as may be supposed, the ruins of the ancient chapel, built by the Jesuit missionaries, now utterly deserted. Near it lies a broken church bell—sad and suggestive object in such a place. The loneliness is appalling; the natives dread the place, and will never go near it; and, apart from the ruins, there is nothing to remind one that a Christian power ever had traders there. Then on again, through a beautiful country, where numerous kinds of birds abound, notably the honey-guide, whose wondrous instinct is unfailing; and elephants and buffaloes, together with the less agreeable hyena, wander about in huge herds. The people, the Bazulu, are brave and gentle. Striking away northward from the Zambesi, they explored the country of the Batoka, a remarkably intelligent race, who add the arts of music and a fine sort of wood-carving to various industries, who maintain a strict and virtuous social system, and have very correct ideas of military organisation. The women are remarkably well clothed; but the

men adhere to the primitive condition, and say, philosophically: 'God made us naked, and therefore we never wear any sort of clothing.' Were it not for the terrible episodes introduced by the encounters with slaving-parties, the reckless destruction of human life, the waste and desolation which follow in the train of these guilty expeditions, and the general effect of depression and hopelessness which these descriptions create, Dr Livingstone's would be the most delightful book of African travel in existence; but just as these encounters blighted and saddened him on his journey, they interrupt the pleasure with which we follow its details. Nothing, however, intervenes to spoil the eager interest with which we reach, in company with the English party, the Balotra highlands, where the exquisite and majestic beauty of the scenery is rendered thoroughly delightful by healthful invigorating breezes, and where an incessant hymn of joy is raised by the notes of countless singing-birds, who display no fear of man. Mountain and forest, rich plain and silver-winding river, are the objects offered to their gaze; and the goal towards which their faces are set is the Victoria Falls, the great wonder of the southern continent, the magnificent rival of Niagara.

Time and distance, though neither considerable, lie between them and their object, and there are explorations of beautiful country in their way, and exciting elephant-hunts, only undertaken, to their credit be it said, because they and the men with them wanted food. The fine country is quite desolate around Motunta, where they halted, and only the fruitless, gigantic wild fig-trees, and circles of stones on which corn-safes have stood, with worn grindstones, point out where the villages once stood. During their halt at Motunta, the solemn lonely magnificence of the scene was increased by the sudden lighting of the whole heavens by a meteor of amazing brilliancy, on whose path the glorious streak of light remained for many seconds. It must have shone into the hearts of these men, standing in the midst of a land where all is so contradictory, where nature and man are at such terrible odds, like a ray of heavenly hope, of divine promise and consolation. They went on, through the beautiful uninhabited country, and when they reached the village of Moachemba, the wide valley was spread out before them, and they saw the great columns of the mist which rises from the Falls, twenty miles away. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings with which their proximity to one of the most wonderful features of the wonderful world inspired them, nor the weariness and sickness of heart which stole their gladness from them, when they found that hunger and disease, rapine and superstition, possessed the land.

On the 9th August 1860, Dr Livingstone and his party embarked in canoes, and glided on for many miles over water clear as crystal, and past lovely islands densely covered with tropical vegetation. Many-coloured flowers and fruit overhung the river's bank, and among the former, the tender blue convolvulus looked down upon them, a familiar blossom, amid the gorgeous strangeness. From gliding water to dangerous rapids, down which many canoes have been hurled, and great elephants and hippopotami have been swept, and dashed to pulp, but through which their steersman guided them in perfect safety, after a time of intense excitement, and strictly enjoined silence, into

smooth water again, and they landed at Garden Island, on the lip of the Falls.

The beauty, the majesty, the meaning of nature, are only to be told by those to whom the gift of the poet has been given; perhaps they never thoroughly reveal themselves to others; and even the poet who should attempt to put in words what the Englishmen saw, when they leaned over the giddy height, and by slow degrees comprehended in their hearts, through the medium of vision, the awful and sublime spectacle before them, would need to be a bold, if he were less than an inspired, man. Dr Livingstone makes no attempt to describe the scene, or its effect upon his mind. The one defies the utmost powers of the painter, the other those of the poet. Something like terror there must have been, bewildering awe, taking a long time to calm into admiration, wonder, reverence, love, and prayer. The simplicity of the account given, its reduction to a matter of measurement, is the most satisfactory substitute for description which is unattainable. The Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard basaltic rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. 'On measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be eighty yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Fall, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar; and this is *Moni-ca-tunya*, or the Victoria Falls.'

SNOWDROP.

WELCOME to earth, white snowdrop, once again;

Welcome below the budding hedge;

Welcome in woods that overledge

The rocky streamlet murmuring down the glen;

Welcome to gardens and abodes of men.

Thy maiden leaflets, touched with spots of green,

Like tiptoe-prints of timid Spring

Upon smooth snow new fallen, bring

Refreshing pleasure to the eyes, I ween,

That weary of the winter's cold white sheen.

Thou wast the first in Nature's mind to lie,

Before she wrought the gorgeous flowers

Of golden Summer's garden bowers,

Ere June disclosed to view earth's canopy

Of light and azure mixed in harmony.

As if she chose thee for the New Year's brow,

To tempt her maids to imitate,

And learn how comely simple state

Upon the virgin's slender form doth shew,

And lead to ripened woman's stately glow,

Calm-tipped, ambrosia-breathing Charity,

Whom, in the unseen homes above,

The clear-eyed angels greet as Love,

Whoe'er may guard thy sisterhood, must be

The spirit bidden to keep watch o'er thee;

For we discern those airy forms, that tend

The fragrant lives of bell and bud

On hill or dale, or green-edged flood,

By the peculiar thought which each doth send

Into our hearts, as o'er the leaves we bend.